Aretha Franklin
"Mr. D.J"

I was sitting at home

Yes, I was

And it occured to me

Yes, it did

I thought about the

Disc jockeys, yeah

Playing them ballads

And the beat all day long

So I decided, yes, I did

Give them a little tune

They could take five on

Because I know they get tired

Playing them records

All day long

We gonna call it

We gonna call it

D.J. and me

Sing along with Re

Mr. and Mrs. D.J.

I know your listeners alright

You get up and do your number

Right about this time

I'm making it good

I'll make you feel

Let it all hang out

And do your number

Get down to the

Real true grit

Hang on in there

Let it rock. Mr. D.J.

Get on in there

Let it roll, oh

Hang on in there now

We're gonna do it together

Oh, hang on in there, yeah

Shake your funky soul

We gonna call it

We gonna call it

D.J. and me

Sing along with Re

Here comes the part

I know you're gonna

Cause we all get

A chance to hear you

Here we go

Hang on in there

And let it rock

Oh, hang on in there

And let it roll

Hang on in there, yeah

Do it together

You gonna hang in there now

Get up, shake your funky soul

Hang on in there

Have you got it

Hang on in there

Oh, have you got it

Oh, hang on in there

And let it rock, Mr. D.J.

Hang on in there

And let it roll

Hang on in there

Woo, and let it rock

Mr. D.J. hang on in there

Let it roll

Hang on in there

All night long

Mr. D.J. hang on in there

Yeah, let it roll

Oh, oh, oh

Hang on in there

Good God almighty

Hang on in there

You gotta shake

Your funky soul

Hang on, hang on, hang on

And let it rock

Mr. D.J. hang on in there

Yeah, let it roll

Ow, hang on in there

Ow, and let it rock

Hang on in there

You gotta shake

Your funky soul

Ow, hang on in there

And let it rock

Hang on in there, yeah

You gotta let the

Good times roll

Hang on in there...